

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

APRIL
No. 48

COMICS 10¢

BLACKHAWK

BATTLES

The Pirates of Peroo!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



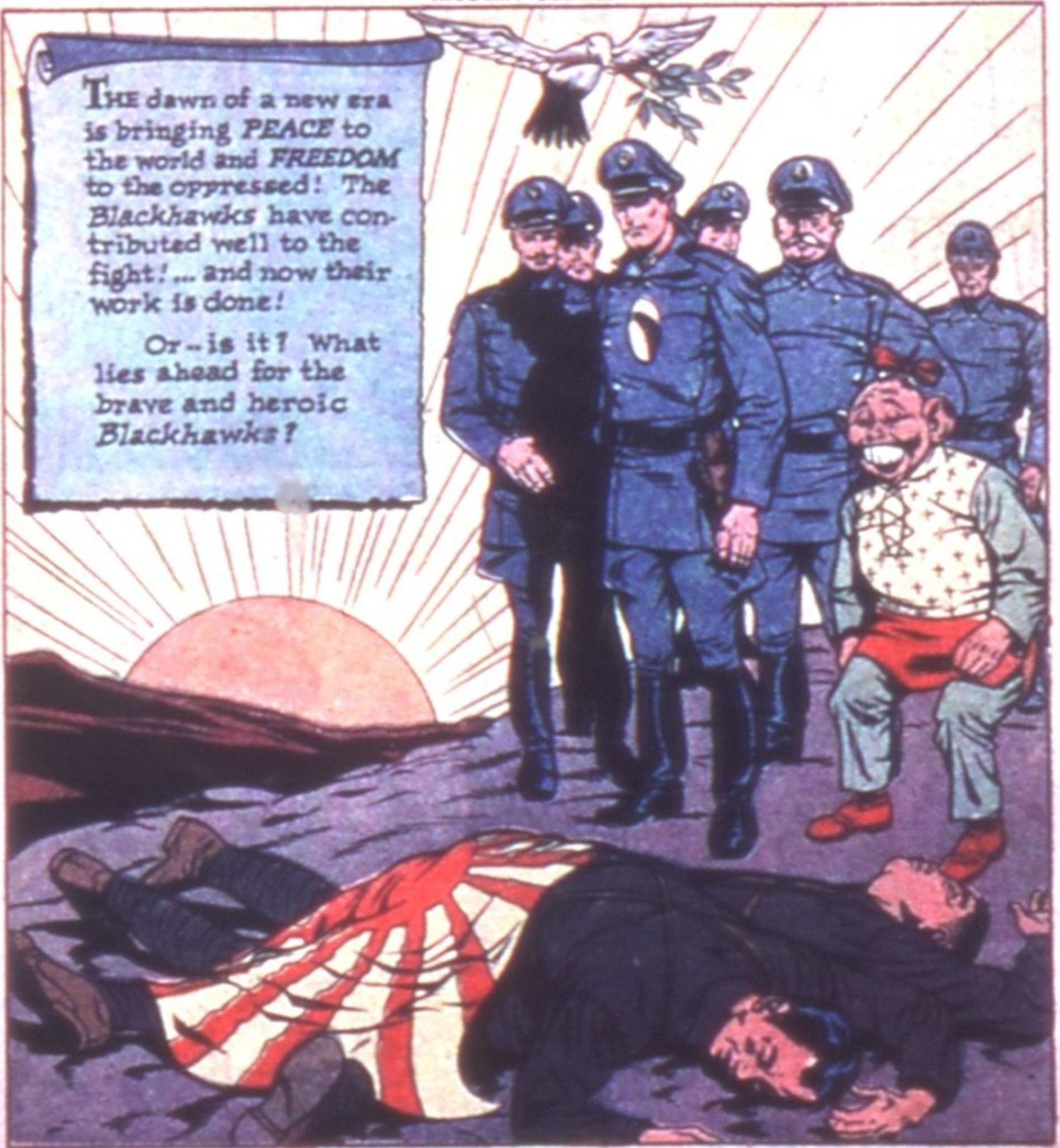
TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN**

ABC NETWORK 4-5 MON. THRU FRI.

MODERN COMICS, April, 1948, No. 48. Published monthly except December and June by Comic Magazine, 1 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Office, 1000 Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. W. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brainer, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.75 plus 35 cents for mailing. Total \$2.10. Foreign \$2.35. Entered as second-class matter April 28, 1947 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1975. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 100 Lexington Avenue, New York City. E. S. Warthen, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Dale & Co., 665 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Western Representative. Copyright 1948 Comic Magazine. Printed in U. S. A.

THE dawn of a new era
is bringing *PEACE* to
the world and *FREEDOM*
to the oppressed! The
Blackhawks have con-
tributed well to the
fight! ... and now their
work is done!

Or—is it? What
lies ahead for the
brave and heroic
Blackhawks?



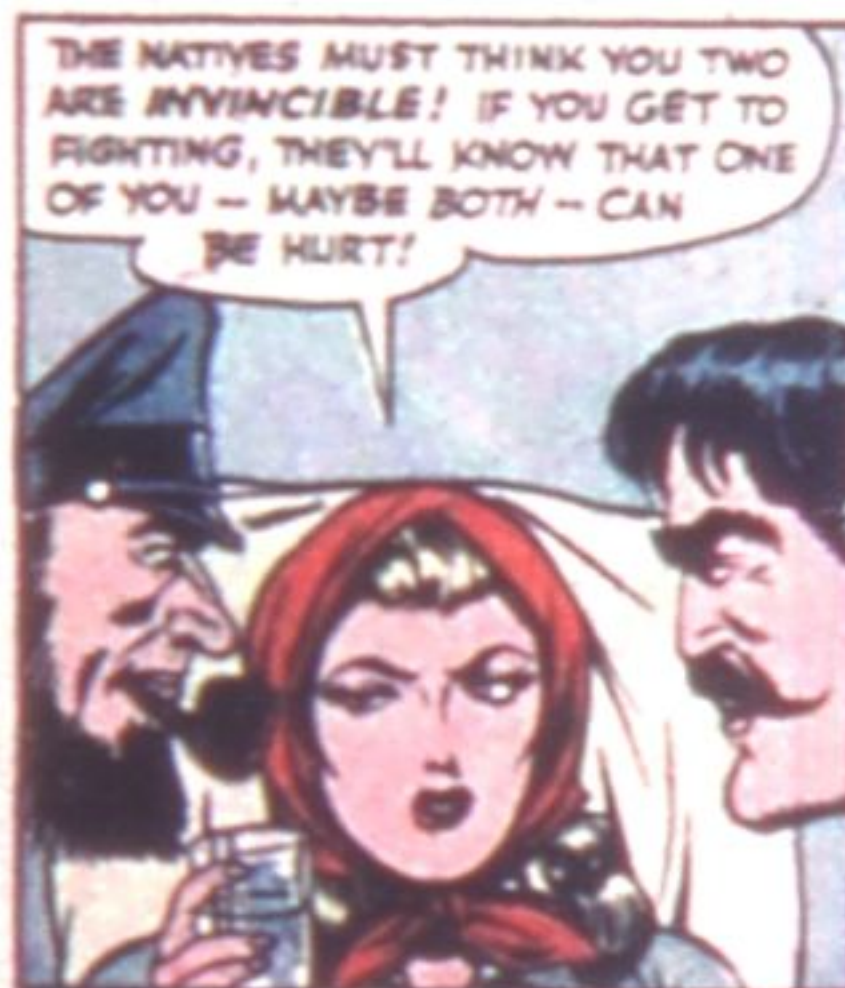
BLACKHAWK















WHO'S THE NEXT TWO-FISTED FURY WHO WANTS TREATMENT?

NO MORE FIST-FIGHTING, HANDSOME—INCLUDING YOU! LOCK THESE STRANGERS UP, BOYS!



THEY CALLED THIS JAILEE? CHOP-CHOP BEEN IN JAILEE TO WHICH THIS LOOKEE LIKE SLUMMER RESORT!

HEY, IN THERE! COME ON OUT—THE BOSS WANTS YOU!



NOT YOU, MONKEY! JUST YOUR TOUGH FRIEND!



WHAT'S THIS ABOUT? GOING TO TRY ME FOR DEFENDING MYSELF?

BE SOCIABLE, HANDSOME! AND I'LL BE REASONABLE!



YOU TOOK JUST TWO PUNCHES TO UPSET ALL MY GOOD WORK WITH THE NATIVES!

MEANING THESE BULLIES I SOCKED TO SLEEP?



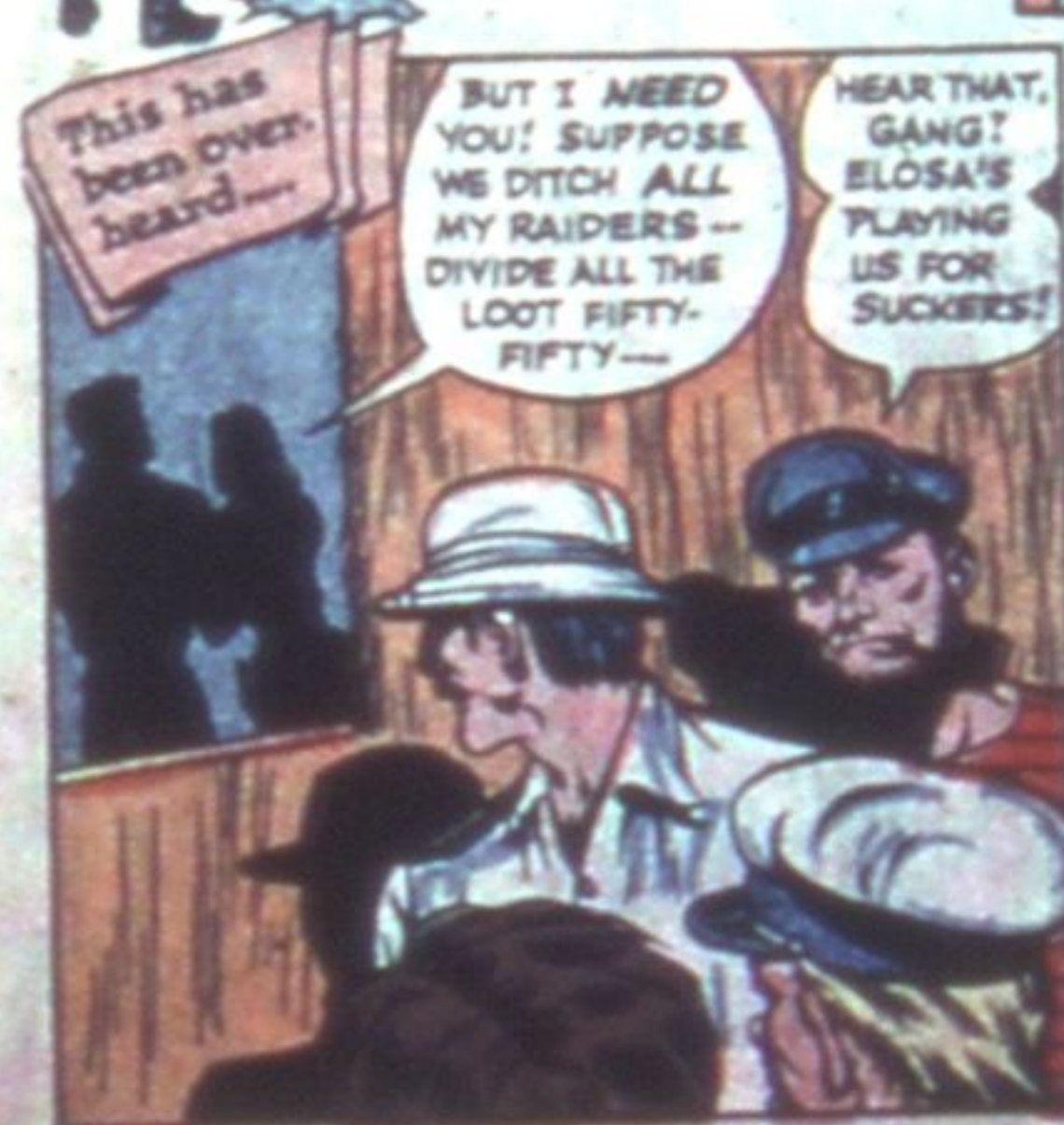
YES! I'D ANNOUNCED THAT LANGO AND BOOLE WERE INVINCIBLE! YOU PROVED OTHERWISE! NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO FIX THINGS!

WHY? AND HOW?

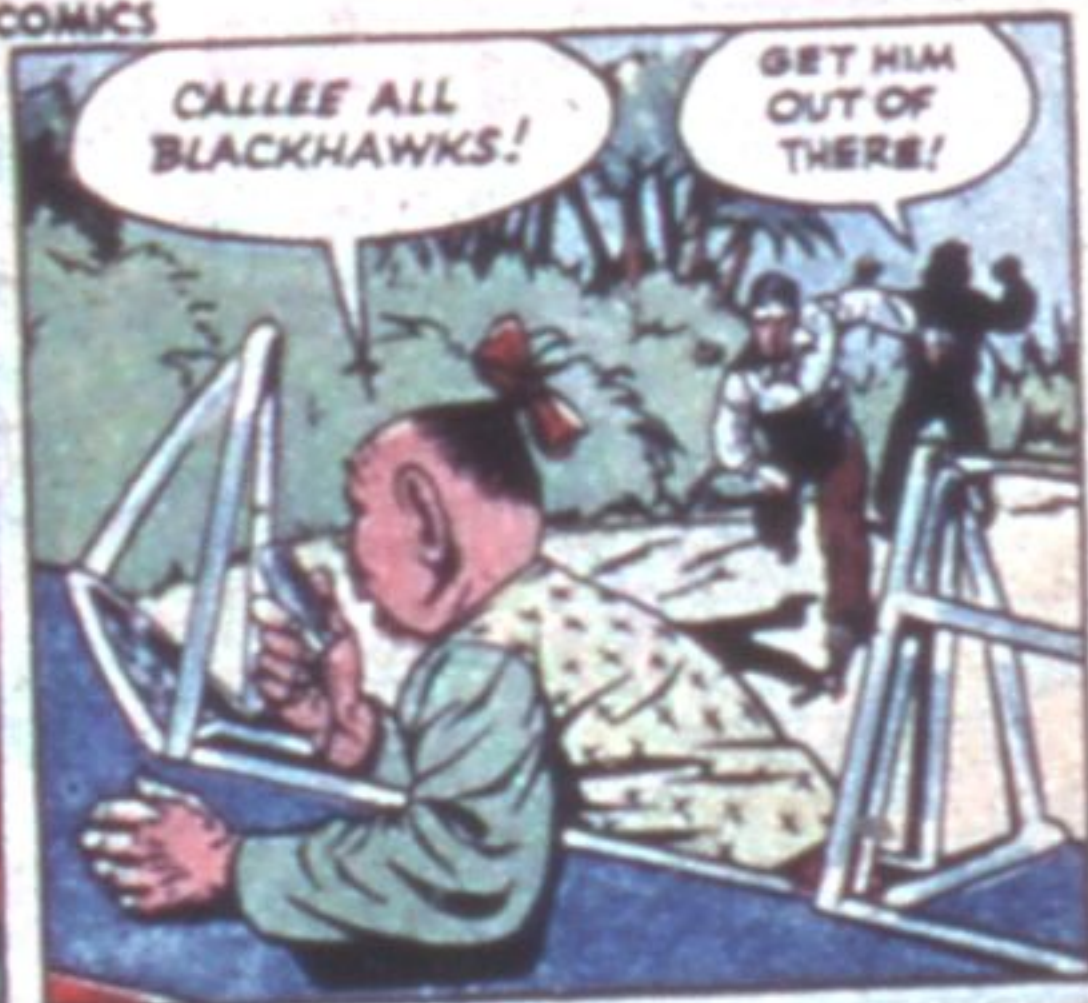


I'LL DEMOTE THEM TO THE RANKS, AND GIVE YOU THE SECOND-IN-COMMAND'S JOB HERE! YOU CAN TRIM ANYONE ON THIS ISLAND!

BUT WHAT'S THE NEED OF FISTS HERE?









HAWKAAAAAAA!



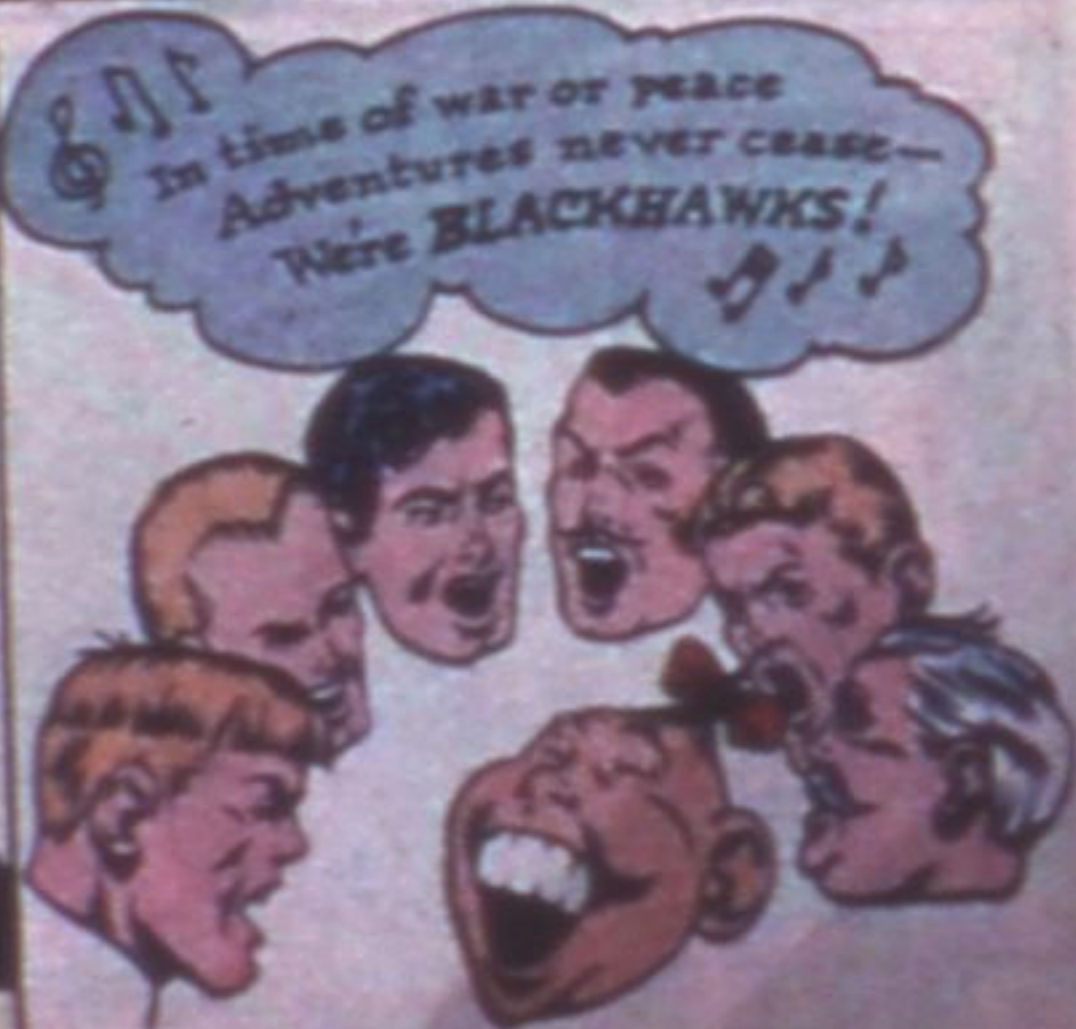
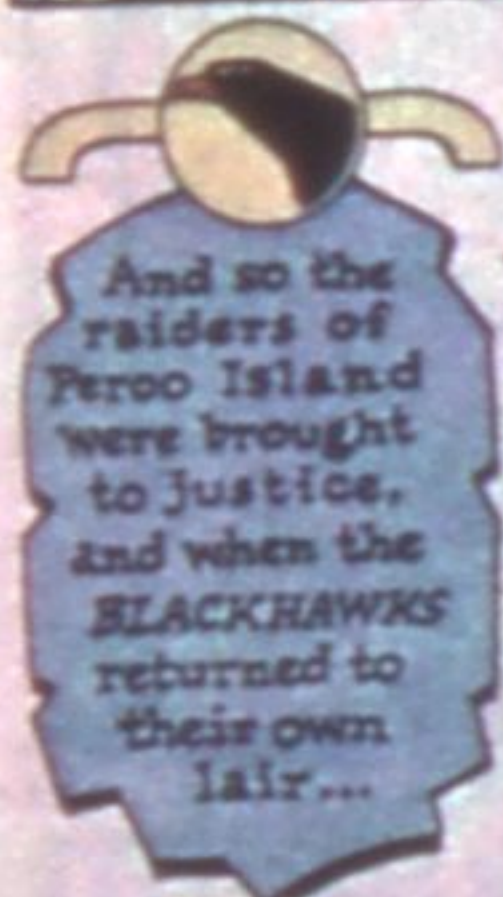
A WHOLE BUNCH OF 'EM ATTACKING — CAN'T BE STOPPED — I THINK THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE BLACK-HAWKS!



BLACK-HAWK, HIMSELF!







CHOO CHOO



AHA! JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

WHY, CHERRY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

RUN, CHOO CHOO! HE'S AFTER US!

CHERRY, I'M THRILLED! I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR THIS NIGHT!

HOW CAN YOU GET YOUR PRESSURE UP OVER ANOTHER MASQUERADE BALL?

YOU'RE SO NAIVE! THERE WILL BE BIG SHOTS FROM THE MOVIE INDUSTRY HERE TONIGHT!

CAN'T YOU FORGET ABOUT YOUR CAREER FOR JUST ONE EVENING?



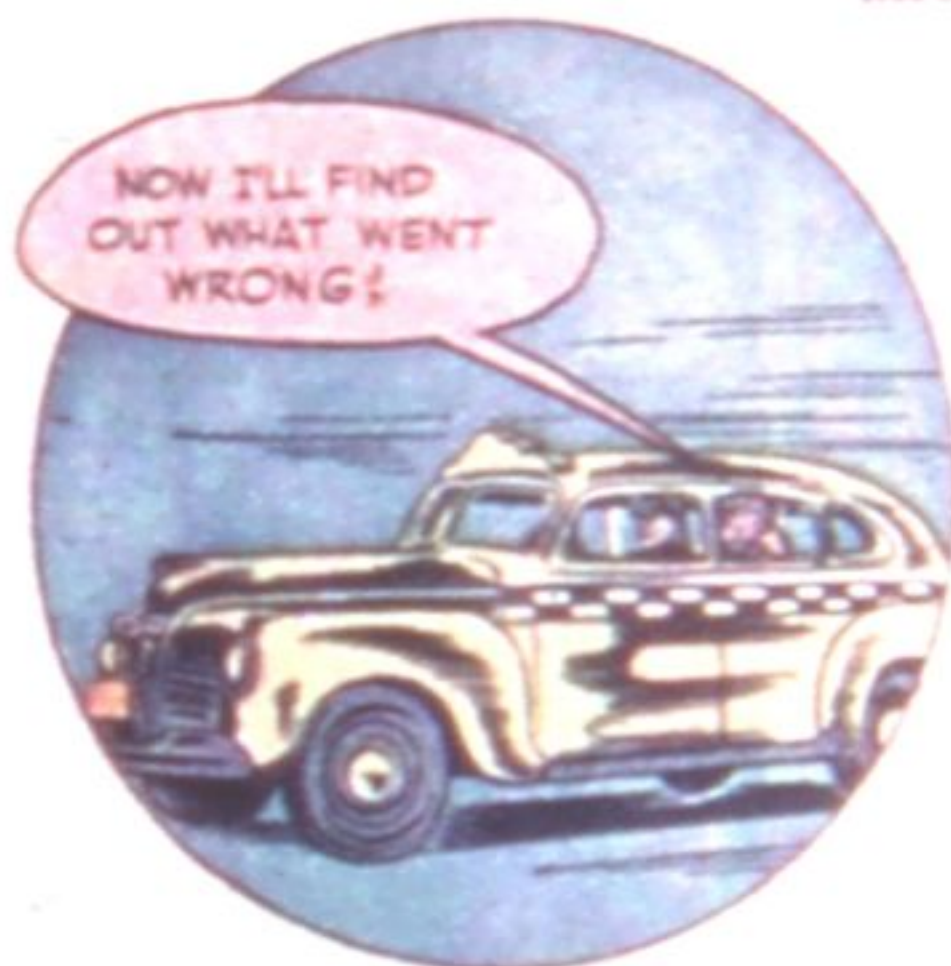














DEATH PATROL









SHE'S
BREAKING
UP!

RAT
TAT
RAT
TAT
TAT

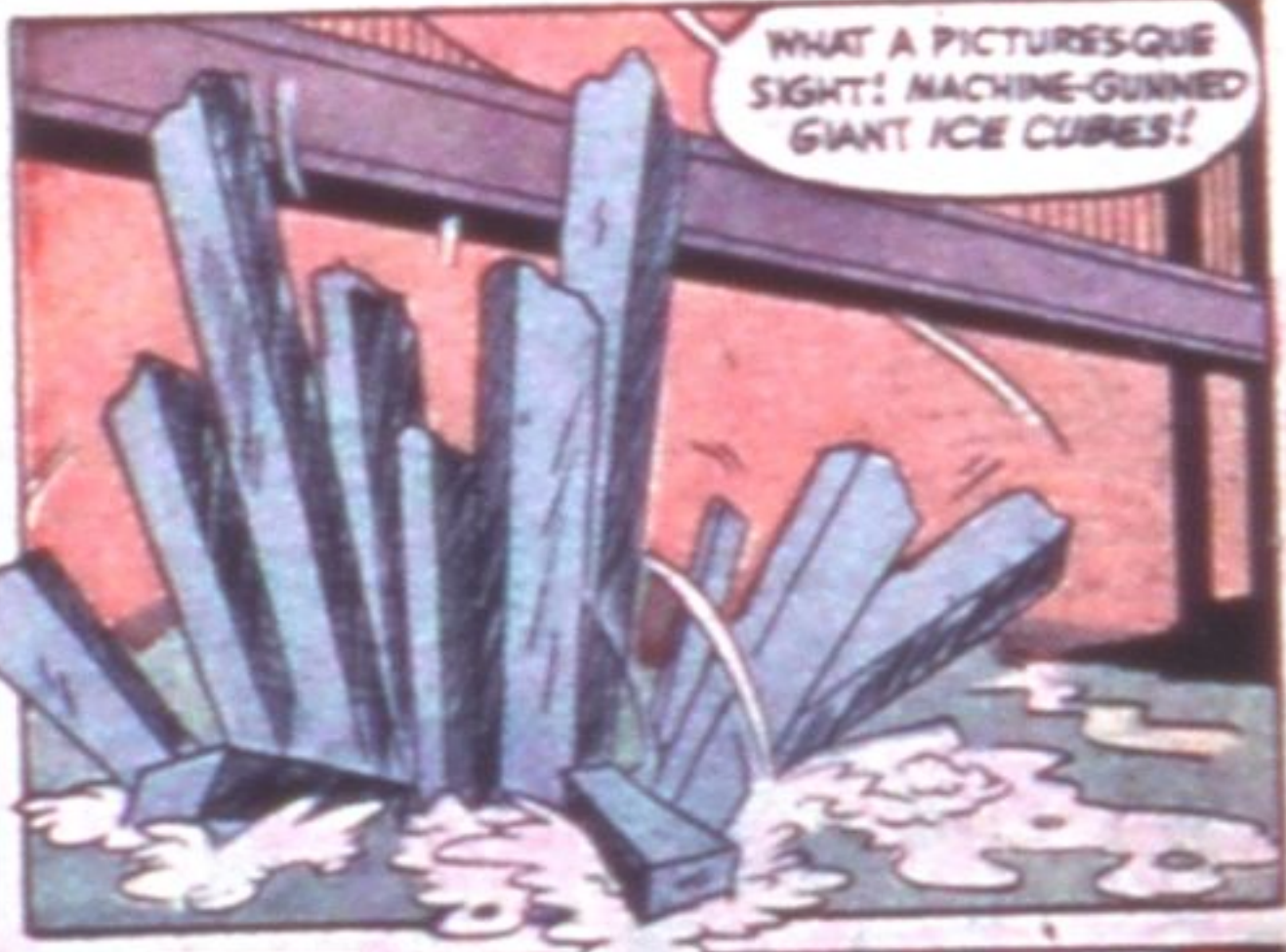
HOW ABOUT A RETURN
ROUND OF CROSS FIRE
AT RIGHT ANGLES, HANK?
JUST TO MAKE
SURE!

HA-HA! YOU MEAN
TO MAKE ICE
BLOCKS?



HMF! THE OLD
DOUBLE CROSS!
HA! HA! HA!

RAT TAT
TAT



WHAT A PICTURESQUE
SIGHT! MACHINE-GUNNED
GIANT ICE CUBES!



Later... at the DEATH PATROL airport...

SHORE PATROL CALLING.
PROBABLY TO CONGRATULATE
US ON OUR EXCELLENT
DISPOSAL OF THE
ICEBERG!

SURE!



HUH?
WHAT?



SURE, YOU FELLOWS BROKE UP THE
ICEBERG! BUT WE STILL CAN'T
USE THE HARBOR! IT'S FULL
OF FLOATING ICE LOGS!

TIMBER!

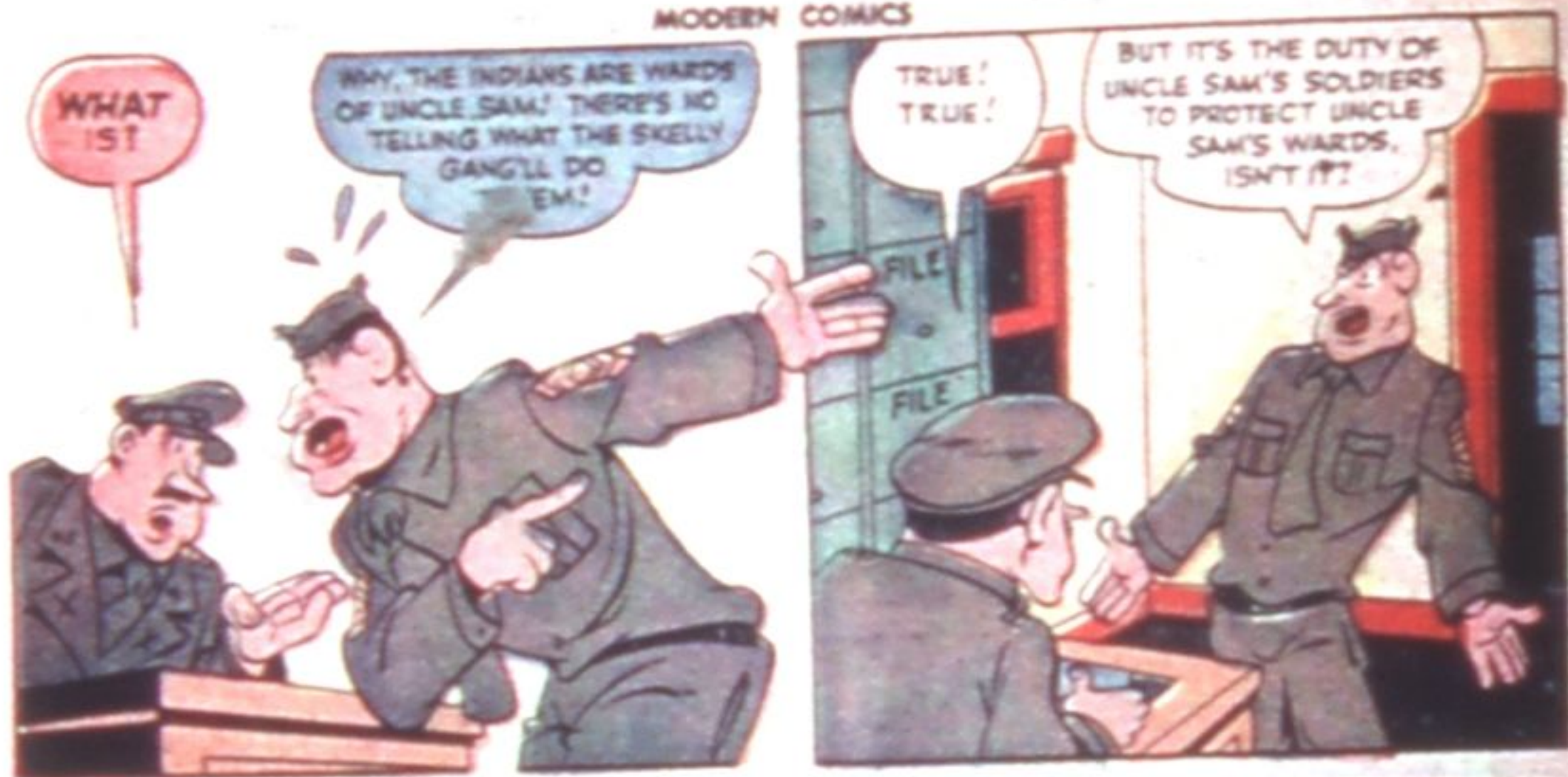
JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



Private DOGTAG

by AL STAHL





DO NOT THINK OF THE IMPRESSION THE SKELLY GANG COULD MAKE WITH THEIR TOMMY GUNS, SIR!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT! GIVING DOSTAG THIS ASSIGNMENT IS A DESPERATE MEASURE — BUT A GREAT GENERAL ONCE SAID, "IN BATTLE, MAKE THE MOST OF WHAT YOU'VE GOT!"

DOSTAG, THIS IS AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT! YOU MAY BE CALLED UPON TO GIVE YOUR VERY LIFE!

DON'T WORRY, SARGE! I WON'T LET THOSE INDIANS SCALP ME!



NO, YOU DIMWIT! THE INDIANS ARE YOUR FRIENDS! YOU'RE GOING TO PROTECT THEM, NOT FIGHT THEM!

NO KIDDIN'! THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT IS IN THE STORIES I READ! BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS!

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!

POOR INDIANS!



WAGO INDIAN RESERVATION

THIS IS IT! GUESS I'D BETTER LOOK UP THE CHIEF FIRST!

HEY! UGH! HE LOOKS LIKE A BIG CHIEF! SAYVY! UGH!

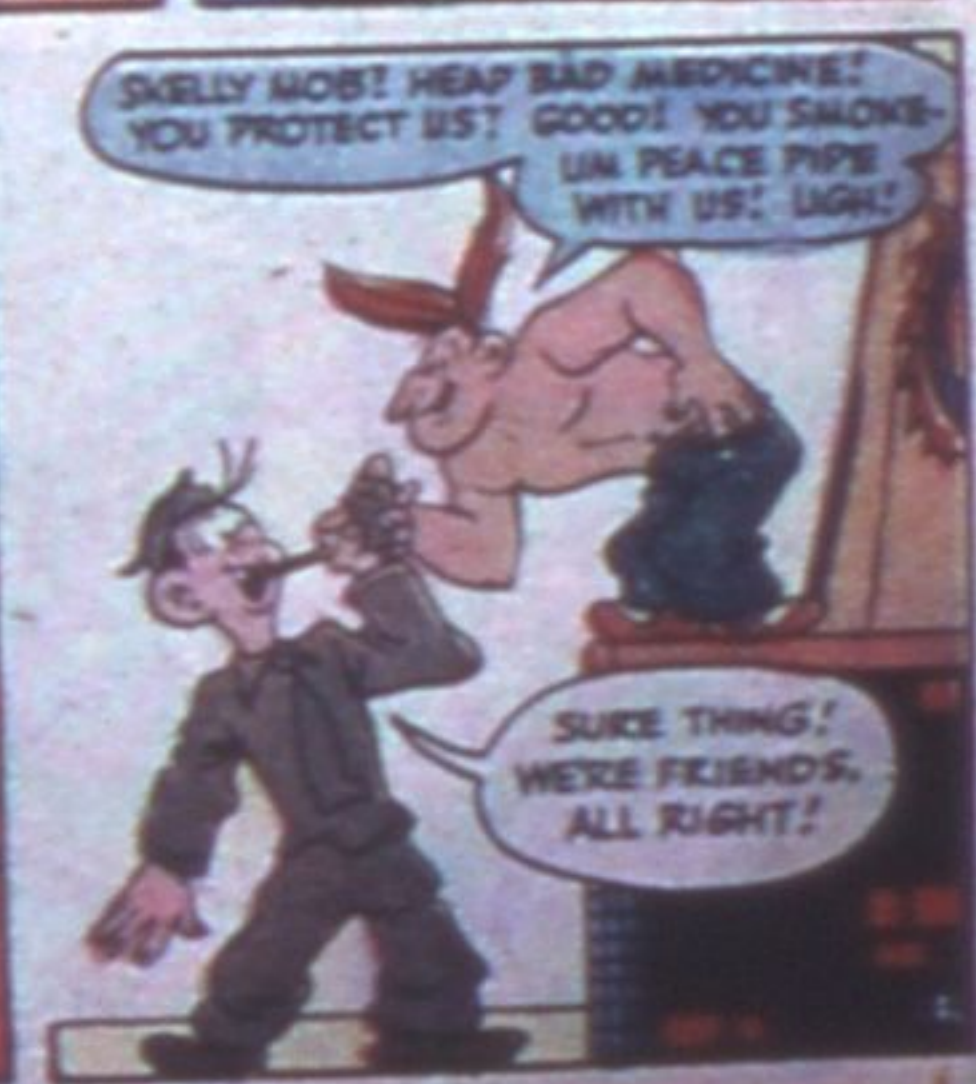
COME AGAIN, JOE!

UGH! HE BIG CHIEF! HE WANTIN'...

WELL, VAN MY BROW! ...IF I EVER HEARD SUCH WEIRD LANGUAGE IN MY LIFE! ... SAY, WHAT PART OF THE WORLD DO YOU HAIL FROM, ANYWAY?













LONG, SOLDIER! BY THE WAY, I'M NOT
STANDING GOAT! HA! HA! HA!

YOU GOING
PERMIT THEM
ESCAPE, SIR?

ONLY FOR A
MOMENT, CHIEF!
LIE ON YOUR
BACK AND I'LL
TRAP THEM!

ACCORDING TO ARMY COMBAT REGULATIONS --
SECTION 3B -- ALWAYS APPROACH THE ENEMY
FROM THE REAR -- PARTICULARLY WHEN
YOU'RE OUT-NUMBERED!

HOLD TIGHT,
CHIEF!

I'M NOT IN
FAVOR OF THIS METHOO,
SIR, BUT YOU'VE
GOT ME!

SECTION 3C -- THEN ZOOM
AFTER THE ENEMY -- NO
HOLDS BARRED!

SURRENDER!

LING!

ter -- back at the army post...

YES, SIR,
CAPTAIN! THIS
KELLY GUY TRIED
TO IMPERSONATE
STANDING GOAT!

TELL ME, HOW
DID YOU KNOW
WHICH ONE WAS
THE CROOK?

IT WAS EASY, SIR...
AFTER LISTENING TO
BOTH OF THEM TALK,
I PICKED OUT THE
REAL CHIEF!

THE AMERICAN INDIANS, THESE
DAYS, SPEAK GOOD ENGLISH!...
HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE PUFF
ON YOUR PEACE PIPE,
CHIEF?

UGH!

LIVING DEAD

YOU don't know Black Haiti. Not unless you have spent plenty of time there, and with your eyes and ears wide open. No, simply reading Seabrook will not give you everything. You have to live there to know the people and the mysteries of that strange country.

I lived there. I know Black Haiti. I know the terrible rites and practices that are conducted there in the darkness of the steaming jungle. I have been a part of them. I've even been a potential sacrifice on the altar of the Living Dead.

Shall I tell you about the Black Prince? Satan has nothing on him. He is said to have an army of dead men who go into battle against his enemies, bringing death and destruction—yet knowing nothing of what they do, being utterly dead themselves!

The Black Prince is a sort of legend in many parts of Haiti, but don't think he is a myth. Ah no! He actually lives, there in a remote fastness of southeastern Haiti, with his dead retainers, and his dead army, and his court of death.

The beginning of this story goes back nine years when I was doing some research for the Lathrop Foundation. My party consisted of a half dozen men, all of them perfectly acquainted with the sort of thing we thought we'd run into — hearing the Black Prince!

We had trudged eastward, ever eastward, for a week. The rains had stopped a day before we reached the ancient fort of D'Artagnon, named for an old character in a French novel. Naturally, that language is spoken on the island by the natives, or rather, a garbled version of it. Several of us knew the dialects, and so could converse with the natives.

Fort D'Artagnon is a ruins today, with but the north bastions of the magazine still standing. It is a sort of architectural gem squatting in the jungle, overrun with creepers and brambles. We killed a lot of lances not ten minutes after stepping over the rubble of the outer court. It was a big one, for that species of reptile. Deadly.

You get that idea all through Haiti—deadly. You unconsciously begin watching the dark shadows, looking over your shoulder, listening to the creepy sounds of night-time. Even daytime.

We met His Majesty, the Black Prince, that night. He simply appeared suddenly at the campfire, seemingly out of nowhere. He grinned satanically and made us a low bow. He spoke excellent French:

"Welcome to Haiti, mes amis," said he. "This is indeed a pleasure. I myself shall conduct you to my palace."

That was all. Just that. No preamble. And I swear the next mo-

ment the Black Prince was not there.

But he was again with us the next morning, just after sunrise. And then we were under way. We felt it best to accede to his demands, knowing full well that we were taking a chance with the rascal.

I'll skip some of the details. We were royally treated at the palace of the Black Prince. It seemed he was waiting for something—what, we knew not. We ate and drank and the Prince's zombie slaves waited on us.

The Black Prince's palace is built on a bend of the great river. One day a long, racy speedboat docked at his private wharf and men began unloading boxes marked with a New York importing house stamp. I naturally wondered what they contained. But we were not to find out for some time.

At this point our story takes a new tack. One morning I wandered far afield, stopping at last at a small shack where an old man and woman sat smoking their pipes. They were friendly, though wary. I noted I asked them some questions. They hedged. Then it came out that since I was staying at the palace of the Black Prince they were frightened of me.

"Why?" I asked.

The old man puffed on his pipe. "It is said that the Prince makes the dead walk again and do his bidding."

I laughed. "But that is certainly not true. No one can do that!"

"Oh, yes, yes," said the old chap. "You do not know because you are white. We know. The Prince does these things. Our own sons and daughters have disappeared from time to time. Now the Prince runs short of people. He seeks to strengthen his armies and his slaves. He seeks to kill, kill—and bring to life many people who will then do his bidding."

I had heard of zombies. I never put any credence in the tales. Such things simply didn't occur. And yet—

"You shall see," prophesied the old man. And I took my leave.

I wish now I had talked longer with the old native!

For the next two days nothing of importance happened. Our photographer shot a lot of pictures and several of us were busy on notes. The region abounded in the sort of thing we sought.

Then a stranger appeared at the Black Prince's palace. He was a French official from Port-au-Prince. He brought strange news: Many children were dying mysteriously in a certain area some miles from the Black Prince's area. No one had been able to diagnose the cause of their deaths. They would be found in various places, sometimes at play, sometimes while sleeping on their straw pallets.

The funerals would take place, and then, strangest of all, their bodies would disappear. What was killing them, and where went their dead bodies?

I was present when the official interrogated the Black Prince. The

latter was the last word in sleek manners. He knew nothing. How should he? But I could see that the official was not satisfied. He took his departure, with the Prince's assurance that he would keep an eye open.

Davis, one of our own men, made the discovery. He had gone out early one morning and come upon a hidden clearing in the jungle several miles from the Prince's palace. There he told of seeing things that made my hair stand on end. He had seen, he assured me, about fifty children around the age of eight to ten, marching and practicing with field tools, all without a sound from their leader. Their eyes were open, Davis told me, but they said no word; neither did their leader. And it seemed to him that they were like sleep walkers being directed by a mind not their own.

"Zombies!" declared Davis. "I tell you they are walking dead!"

It was pretty hard to swallow, but the next morning I sneaked away with him and had a look for myself. Davis was right. The ranks of the juveniles had been swelled by a score more victims. They practiced with the hoe and rake and various other tools. They worked exactly like robots.

"Gad!" I exclaimed. "It is true, Davis. They are zombies! We've got to report this to the officials."

We didn't get away for two days, and I knew that every hour those awful ranks were being replenished.

The Black Prince wanted to escort us up the river, but we politely turned him down. We could manage. We had what we wanted. We were very grateful, but now

we must be on our way back to the States.

It was two days away from the Prince's palace that we came upon a village where several small girls were playing with dolls. One of our party happened to pick up one of the dolls. There was nothing spectacular about the plaything. It was a simple rubber doll, hollow, just like those American kids play with. I put it in my pocket. This village had lost several children.

The rest of the story was unraveled at the police station in Port-au-Prince. We went there to clear some of our specimens and ran into a bees' nest. Our French official was there, with a dozen or so of the rubber dolls. It seemed that he had made a find.

The Black Prince was a canny chap. He used a lot of labor but cared little about paying them wages. So he had stumbled upon a neat scheme. The boxes we had seen unloaded at his wharf actually contained hundreds of the dolls. These the Prince generously handed out to the village children. But not before he had "fixed" them.

An analysis had been made at headquarters. Each of the dolls had been filled with a poisonous gas which, when smelled, produced a coma like death. Respiration became so low that it was undetectable. The "dead" kids were buried, whereupon the gang of the Prince would dig them up, revive them partially, and put them to work, keeping them, however, under a constant dose of the drug. They responded to motions of their leader, not words.

That was the last of the Black Prince's fantastic scheme to employ free labor.



WILLIE BAGG

by
Paul
Gusterson











SCHOOL
OFF THE
PORT
BOW!



LOOK OUT! YES,
SIR - THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE
A HOT-SHOT
SUPERVISOR
ON A JOB!

PAEDON ME! OOPS!
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW
I'VE DIRECTED MORE
FISHING PARTIES
THAN YOU'VE
HEARD OF!

YOU TELL 'EM!
TAKE THE WIND
OUT OF HIS
SAILS!



WHY, THIS IS KID-
STUFF COMPARED TO
SOME OF THE WHALERS
I SENT OUT OF
NANTUCKET! DIRECTED
EVERYTHING FROM
HIRING THE CREWS
TO SHARPENING
THE HARPOONS!



-THAT WERE TO BRING
THE BLUBBER TO
BOSTON - ER-

BIGGEST ONE I'VE
EVER SEEN!

HEY!
LOOK! - A
GIANT
TARPON!



WHO'S GOING
AFTER HIM?

NOT ME! IT TAKES
PLENTY OF FISHING TO
LAND A BABY THAT SIZE!
ANYWAY, I DON'T THINK
THERE'S A ROD ON THE
BOAT STRONG ENOUGH
TO HOLD HIM!



TOO BAD I DIDN'T
BRING MY ROD! I'D
HAVE GONE AFTER
HIM - JUST FOR
PRACTICE!

HOW ABOUT THAT
LITTLE JERK'S JUNK?
HE SAID IT WAS THE
BEST HE COULD
BUY!

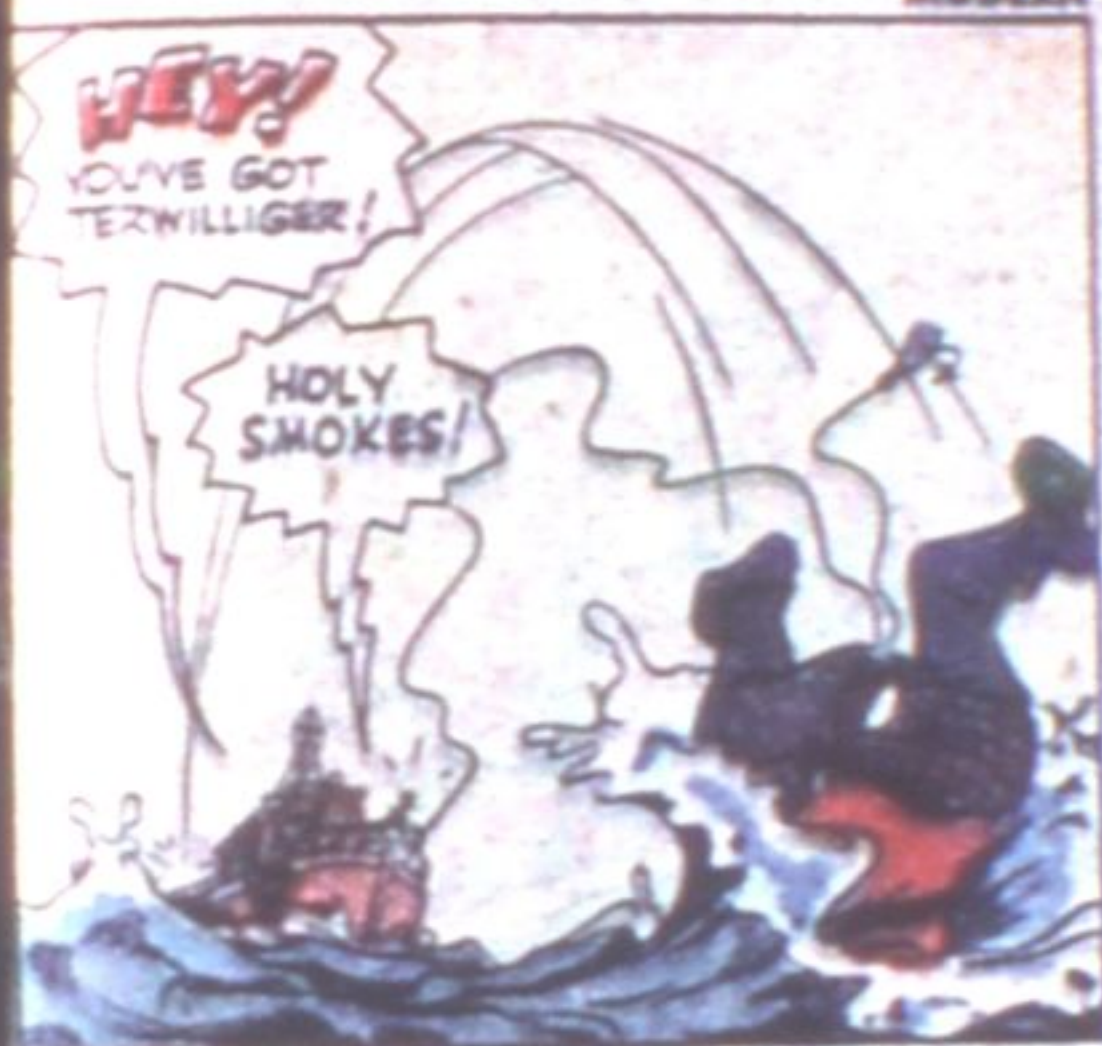


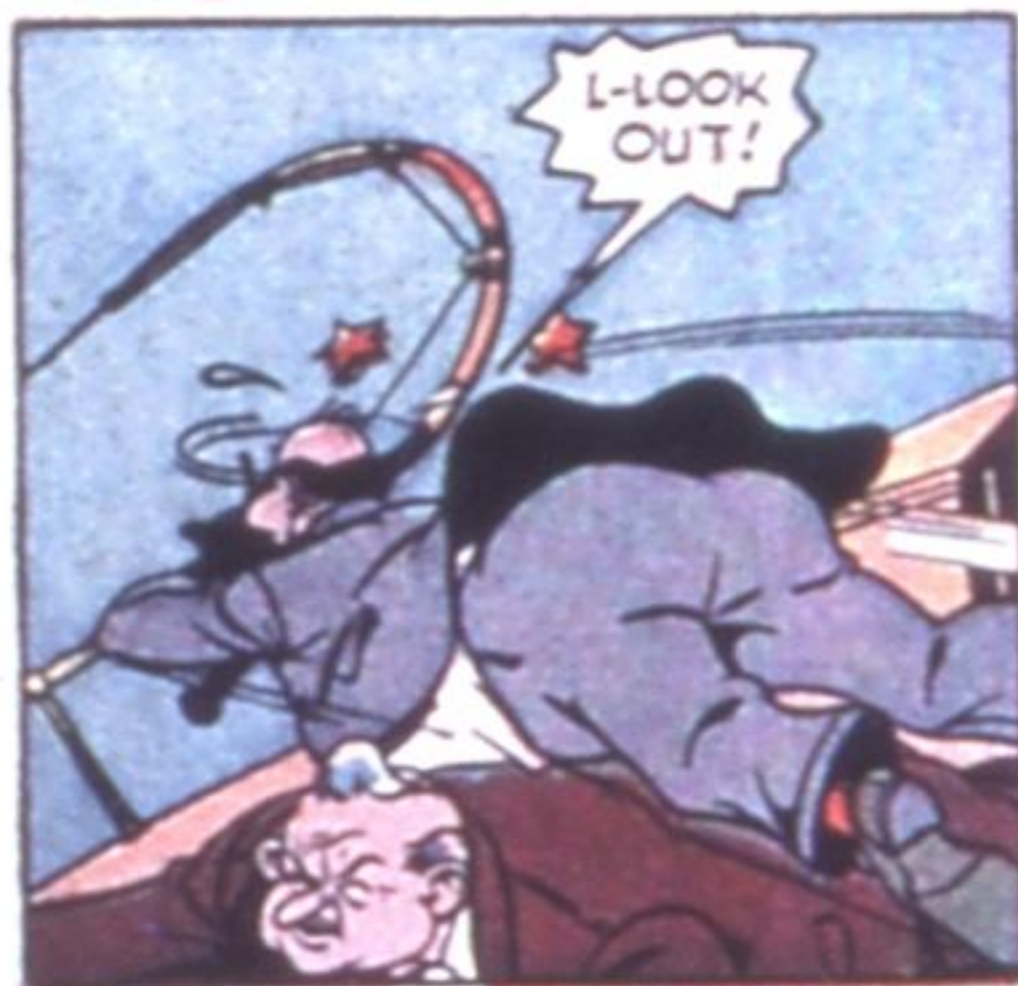
THAT'S RIGHT! HE TOLD
ME IT WOULD LAND ANY-
THING UP TO A
THOUSAND
POUNDER!

I'LL
GET IT
FOR YOU!

ER... I WOULDN'T THINK
OF IT! {GULP!} - AFTER
ALL, I JUST CAME FOR
THE RIDE - AN' - AN' -
I HAVE A BUSTER
ON MY FINGER!

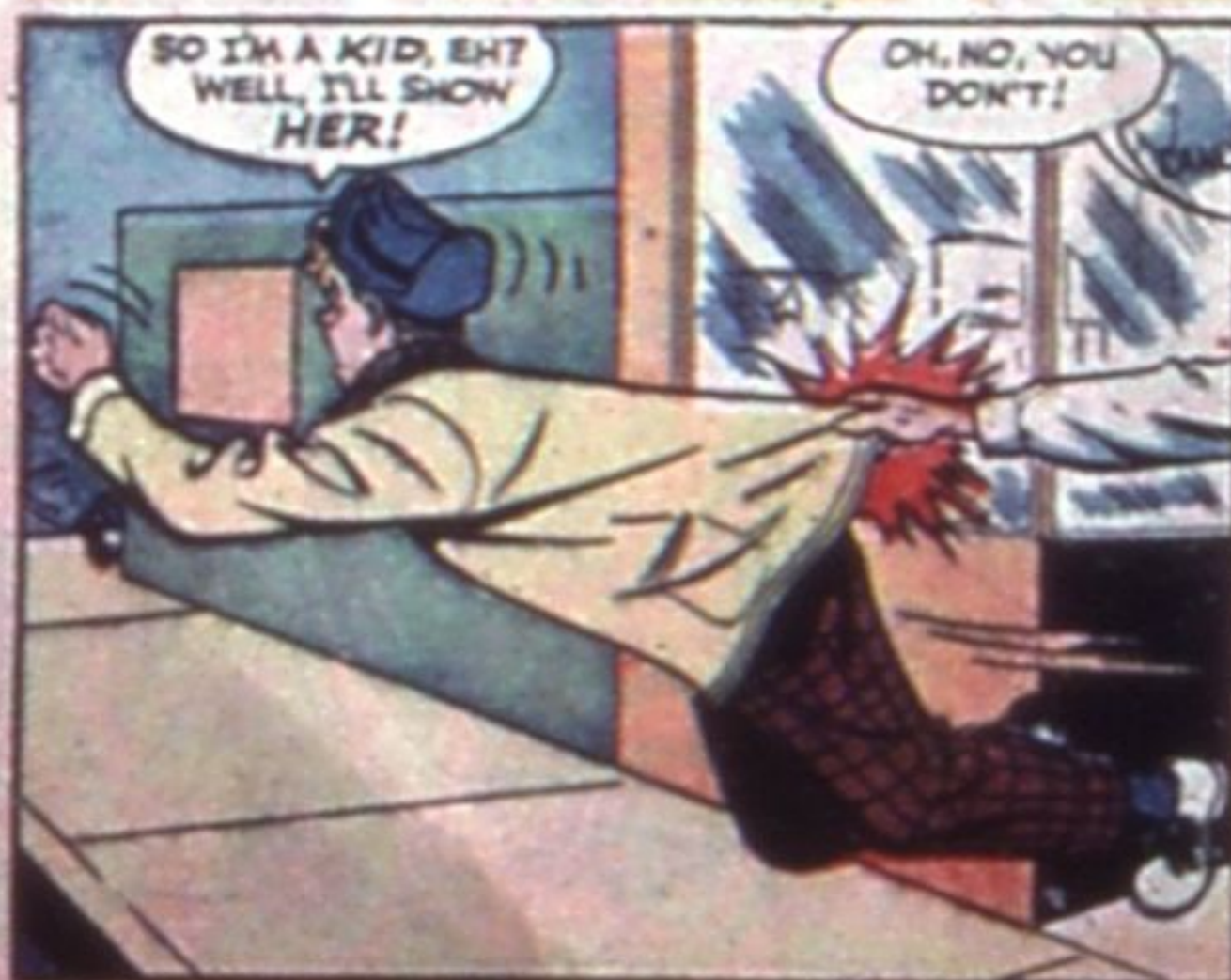






EZRA



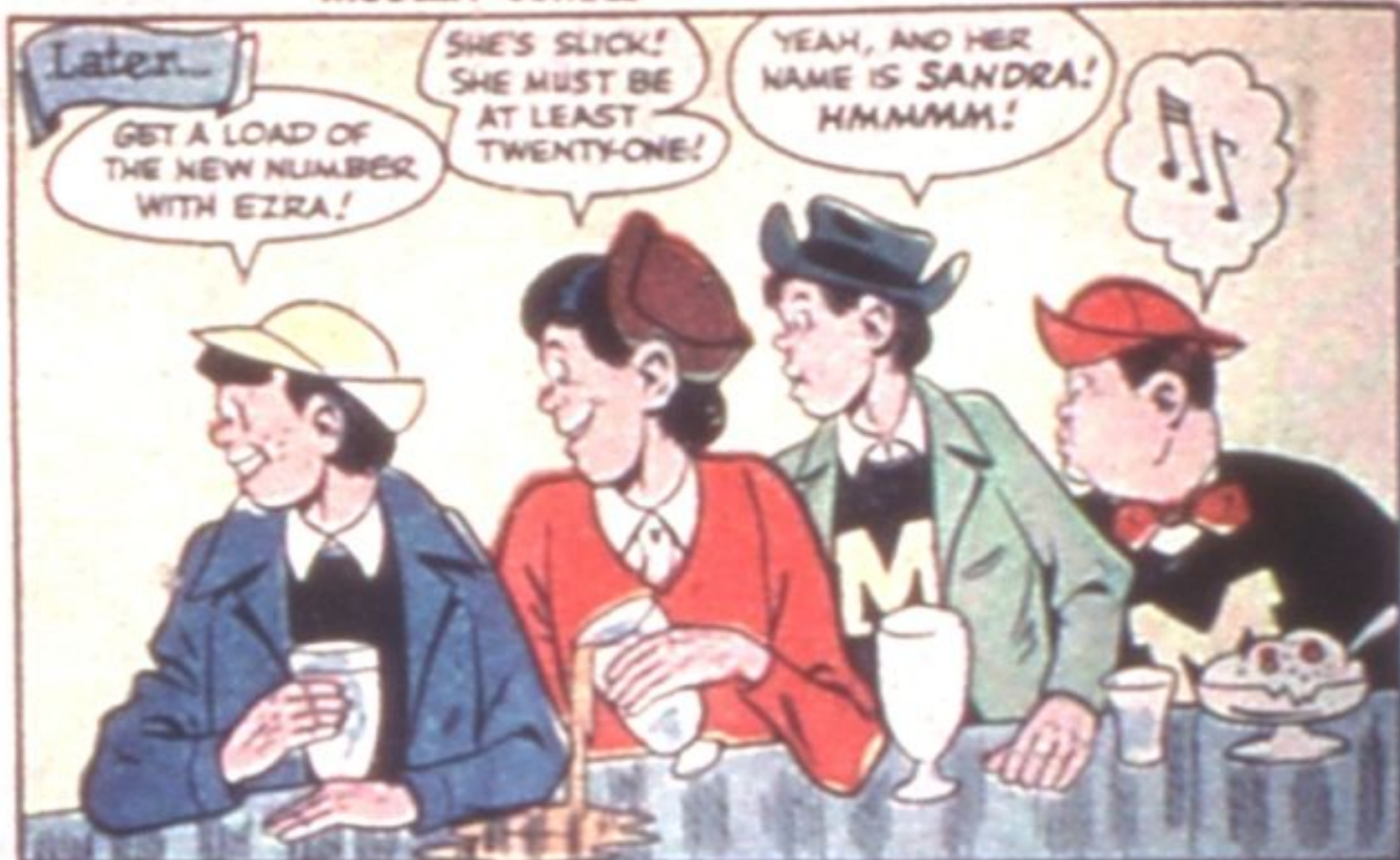




S-SURE!



THAT CREEP EZRA IS UP TO NO GOOD! HOW COULD A CHUMP LIKE HIM BE WITH SUCH A GLAMOR GIRL?













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**I Send You
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Send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



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Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



KIT 3

You get parts to build Radio Chassis; then find them; see how they work; learn how to design, mount, connect; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with parts of every Model; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6

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with your name in gold on
the cover. Sell only one order.

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a really good
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matching Automatic
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ing one order.

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PEARL NECKLACES or
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for Men
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SELL ONE ORDER for either wallet.



Full size, sweet-
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decorated with
Hawaiian scene.
Instruction sheet
FREE. Sell only one or-
der. (Quantity limited.)

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the doll you'd love
to own. Pert and
pretty in her
sweetheart
gown. Sell
only one
order.



COOKIT Pocket size
folding
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selling one order



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Smartly-styled, two-toned, 7 com-
partment billfold.

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FULL SIZE
Comb, Brush
and Mirror—ex-
quisitely de-
signed, beauti-
fully decorated.
Sell one order.



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AXE** with
Leather
Sheath
Attaches
to belt.

Boys! Here's a husky
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DEPT. 320 LANCASTER, PA.

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my prize.

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or Street No. _____

City _____

State _____